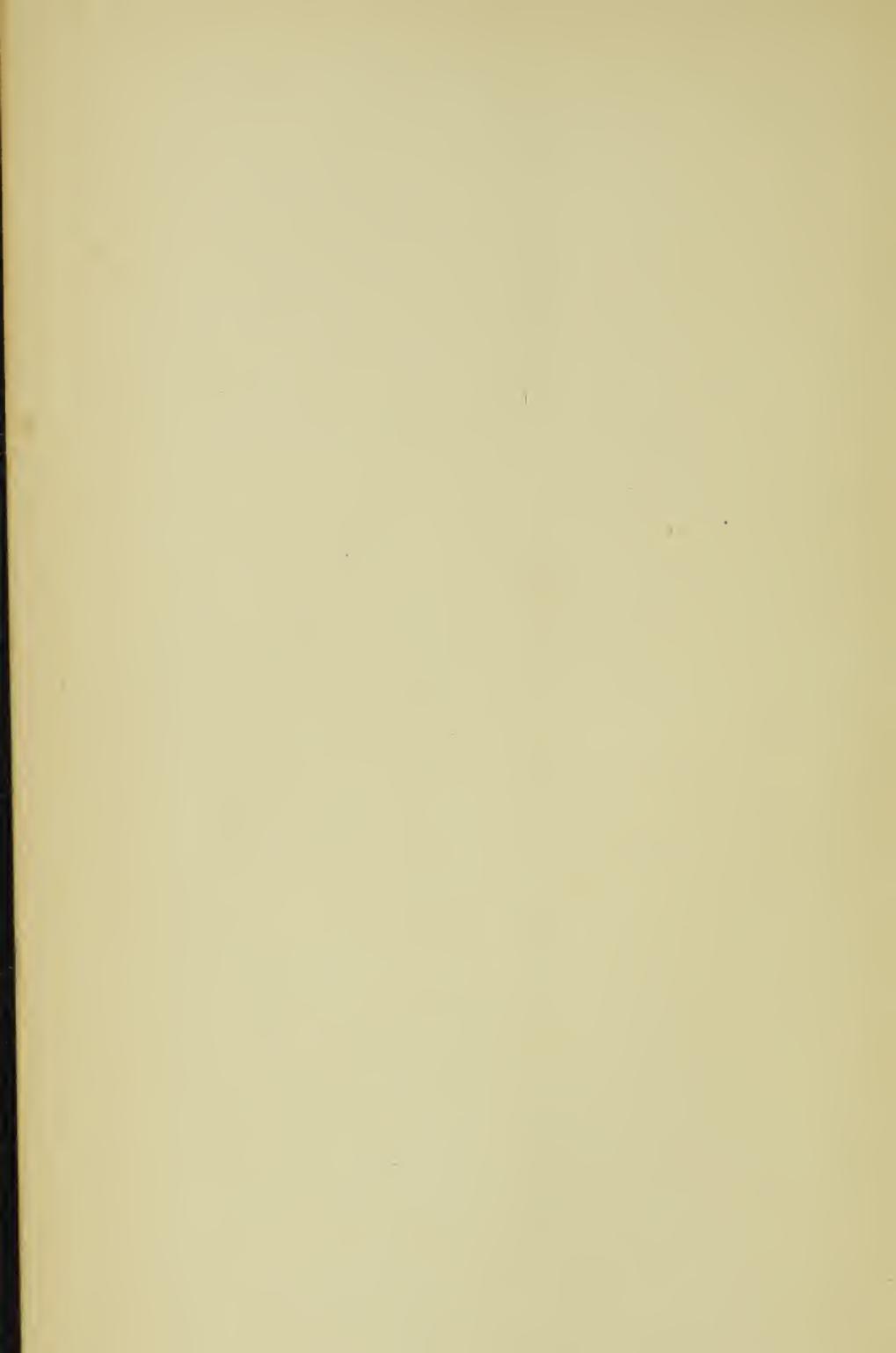


ALICE·FREEMAN·PALMER

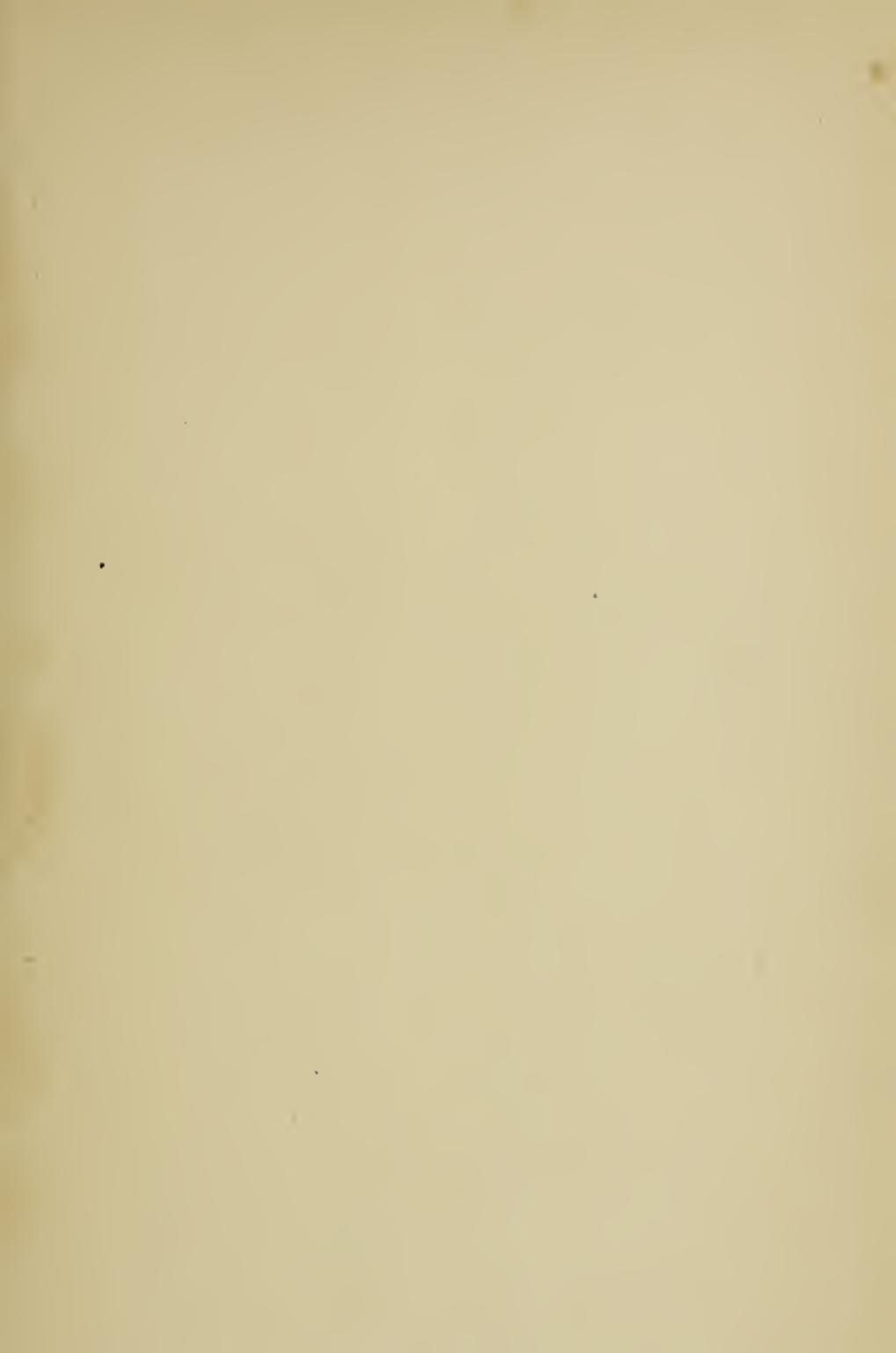














ALICE FREEMAN PALMER







A SERVICE  
IN MEMORY OF  
ALICE FREEMAN PALMER  
HELD BY  
HER FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES  
IN APPLETON CHAPEL  
HARVARD UNIVERSITY  
JANUARY THIRTY-FIRST  
MDCCCCIII

BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN AND COMPANY  
MDCCCCIII



NOTHING IS HERE FOR TEARS, NOTHING TO WAIL,  
DISPRAISE OR BLAME, NOTHING BUT WELL AND FAIR,  
AND WHAT MAY QUIET US IN A DEATH SO NOBLE.

JOHN MILTON



THIS volume contains both programme and report of a memorial service at Cambridge in honor of Mrs. Palmer. The report is made complete in order that her friends who were present may preserve, and those who were absent may experience, the feelings of beauty, thankfulness, and courage inspired by thoughts of her on that unique occasion. Here everything is presented except the music.

To compensate in some measure for this large and necessary loss, five photographs are added, tracing the development of her character and features during the past forty years. The first of them was taken when she was a child of six; the second, just before she entered Michigan University; the third, during her first year as President of Wellesley; the fourth, at the request of the University of Chicago for its decennial celebration, showing her in the gown of a Doctor of Laws, and commemorating her

services as Dean; the fifth gives the woman of recent years, as she appeared in private life. Perhaps it may suggest something of the charm of her generous and searching face. Any adequate representation of that face is impossible. No instrument was swift and subtle enough to catch its perpetual change or to mark the strange combination in it of humor with seriousness, duty with enjoyment, nimbleness of the physical senses with high spirituality, sainthood with vivacious interest in every moving thing. Yet in this final picture one sees her in full health and spirits, and as nearly as possible as she was in Paris when struck by the rare disease,—intussusception of the intestine,—which suddenly closed her life on December sixth. It is a disease mechanical in nature, of unknown origin, almost invariably fatal, though not violently painful. Originally of a frail constitution, she early perceived that health would be an important condition of her work. She

gained it by diligence, guarded it through many severe strains, and fortunately preserved it to the last.

Miss Hazard has beautifully said that the hymn sung at this service might well describe the mingled perplexity and peace of Mrs. Palmer's Wellesley days. It might, indeed. In reality it was written two years ago. As she lay ill at Boxford, lightning struck the house and destroyed the chamber adjoining her own. She seemed much interested in the novel event, as if it were something contrived for her entertainment. It did not apparently disturb her. No one knew that she had written about it, or indeed that she was in the practice of writing verse. After her death, among many other poems, this hymn was found with the date attached. In it a nature truly reserved, however responsive to human needs, had announced the sources of its calm.

G. H. P.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, February 21, 1903.



DECEMBER SIXTH

MDCCCCII

WHEN FELL, TO-DAY, THE WORD THAT SHE HAD GONE,  
NOT THIS MY THOUGHT: HERE A BRIGHT JOURNEY ENDS,  
HERE RESTS A SOUL UNRESTING; HERE, AT LAST,  
HERE ENDS THAT EARNEST STRENGTH, THAT GENEROUS LIFE —  
FOR ALL HER LIFE WAS GIVING. RATHER THIS  
I SAID (AFTER THE FIRST SWIFT, SORROWING PANG):  
HENCE, ON A NEW QUEST, STARTS AN EAGER SPIRIT —  
NO DREAD, NO DOUBT, UNHESITATING FORTH  
WITH ASKING EYES; PURE AS THE BODILESS SOULS  
WHOM POETS VISION NEAR THE CENTRAL THRONE  
ANGELICALLY MINISTRANT TO MAN;  
SO FARES SHE FORTH WITH SMILING, GODWARD FACE;  
NOR SHOULD WE GRIEVE, BUT GIVE ETERNAL THANKS —  
SAVE THAT WE MORTAL ARE, AND NEEDS MUST MOURN.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER



**ORDER OF SERVICE  
IN HAPPY MEMORY OF  
ALICE FREEMAN PALMER**

**1855-1902**



## CHORAL

FROM MENDELSSOHN'S SAINT PAUL

SUNG BY THE CHOIR OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

[THE CONGREGATION STANDING]

*To God on high be thanks and praise,  
Who deigns our bonds to sever,  
His cares our drooping souls upraise,  
And harm shall reach us never.  
On Him we rest with faith assured,  
Of all that live the Mighty Lord,  
For ever and for ever.*



# **PRAYER**

**BY**

**REVEREND FRANCIS GREENWOOD PEABODY  
PLUMMER PROFESSOR IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY**



ALMIGHTY GOD, who art ever more ready to hear than we are to pray, we gather in Thy presence with our precious memories and our consoling hopes, and ask Thy blessing upon our thoughts and prayers. We bring to Thee, not our mourning only, but our gratitude; not our sorrow only, but our praise. We look beyond the things that are seen and temporal to the things which are unseen and eternal; and through the suffering of this present time to the things which God has prepared for those that love Him. Direct us, then, in all our doings to-day with Thy most gracious favor and further us with Thy continual help, that we may glorify Thy holy name, and finally by Thy mercy obtain everlasting life. We ask it in His name who bids us pray together :

Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, But deliver us from evil: For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

# SCRIPTURE READING

BY

REVEREND FRANCIS GREENWOOD PEABODY



THE memorial of virtue is immortal : because it is known with God and with men. When it is present, men take example at it; and when it is gone, they desire it; it weareth a crown, and triumpheth for ever, having gotten the victory, striving for undefiled rewards.

For honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age. Thus the righteous that is dead shall condemn the ungodly which are living : and youth that is soon perfected the many years and old age of the unrighteous.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding : for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her ; and happy is every one that retaineth her.

But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.

When the ear heard me, then it blessed me : and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me : because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. Unto me men gave ear, and waited, and kept silence at my counsel. After my words they spake not again ; and my speech dropped upon them. And they waited for me as for the rain ; and they opened their mouth wide as for the latter rain.

And he opened his mouth and taught them, saying : Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall

be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world : For I was ahungered and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink : I was a stranger, and ye took me in. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee ahungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away. And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son. And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write,

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.  
Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest  
from their labors; and their works do fol-  
low them.



# ADDRESS

BY JAMES BURRILL ANGELL

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



THE University of Michigan counts it a high honor to be permitted to share in these services, commemorative of one of her most distinguished graduates. Personally I am very grateful for the privilege of joining with the many Eastern friends of Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer in recalling the beautiful and fruitful life of one whom I have known intimately from the day of her admission to the University, and whom through all her remarkable career I have watched with pride and affection.

It is naturally expected that I shall speak of her earlier years, prior to her connection with Wellesley College, and especially of her undergraduate life.

In September, 1872, she presented herself at my office accompanied by her father, a reputable physician of Windsor, a small town in central New York, to apply for admission to the University. She was a simple, modest girl of seventeen. She

had pursued her studies in the little academy in Windsor. Her teachers regarded her as a child of much promise, precocious, possessed of a bright, alert mind, of great industry, of quick sympathies, and of an instinctive desire to be helpful to others. Her preparation for college had been rather meagre, and both she and her father were somewhat doubtful about her ability to pass the required examinations. The doubts were not without foundation. The examiners, on inspecting her work, were inclined to decide that she ought to do more preparatory work before they could accept her. Meantime I had had not a little conversation with her and her father, and had been impressed with her high intelligence. Therefore at my request the examiners decided to allow her to enter on a trial of six weeks. I was confident she would demonstrate her capacity to go on with her class. I need hardly add that it was soon apparent to her instructors





that my confidence was fully justified. She speedily gained and constantly held an excellent position as a scholar. She did not evince a decided choice for any one study to the neglect of others ; but with conscientious industry did all her work in a creditable manner. She was a very active member of a debating club which the college girls of her time maintained, and no doubt there gained something of her unusual felicity in public address. One of her classmates writes me as follows of Miss Freeman's work in this club : " She always spoke readily and with superabundance of good spirits. She had a keen sense of humor that always stood her in good stead. In speaking, her humor was invariably kindly and never degenerated into sarcasm. It was impossible to think of her saying an unkind or ungenerous word. An almost over-supply of healthy animal spirits gave her speaking an exuberance of expression that led her to pour out words

with the greatest rapidity. Later she spoke more slowly and with a finish and polish she necessarily lacked as a girl."

One of her most striking characteristics in college was her warm and demonstrative sympathy with her circle of friends. Her soul seemed bubbling over with joy, which she wished to share with the other girls. While she was therefore in most friendly relations with all the girls then in college, she was the radiant centre of a considerable group whose tastes were congenial with her own. Without assuming or striving for leadership, she could not but be to a certain degree a leader among these, some of whom have since attained to positions only less conspicuous for usefulness than her own. Her nature was so large and generous and free from envy that she was esteemed by all her comrades, whether they cherished exactly her ideals or not. Wherever she was, her genial, outgoing spirit seemed to carry with her an atmos-

sphere of cheerfulness and joy. No girl of her time on withdrawing from college would have been more missed than she.

During her college course she was conspicuous in religious activity in connection with the Students' Christian Association. Her religious life was of that cheerful, hopeful, optimistic, inspiring type, which characterized it in her maturer years, and which always commended the Christian faith in such winsome ways to those who came within the sphere of her influence.

Her teachers saw with the highest satisfaction that as the years went on she was ripening into a womanhood which promised conspicuous usefulness in some career. Yet I think they and her classmates would all agree with me that she afterwards more than made good the promise of her undergraduate days. For she had reserved power which did not then manifest itself in all its strength, and she never ceased to grow in intellectual and moral and spirit-

ual power in all the years of her crowded life.

A part was assigned to her for Commencement. She spoke on "The Conflict between Science and Poetry." So far as I remember, she attempted to set forth the contrast between the intellectual methods of the scientific investigator on the one hand and those of the creative poet on the other, and to show that the imagination which so richly served the poet might well be of service to the scientist in constructing theories to guide him in his quest after truth. It happened to fall to me in the year of her graduation to supervise the preparation of the speakers for Commencement. I well remember that she was very timid and anxious about delivering her speech to the audience of three thousand. She, who afterwards so often had the easy mastery of great assemblies, had then never been subjected to the trying ordeal before her. But she had hardly uttered two sen-

tences when it was clear to me that she had the whole of that vast audience hanging upon her lips, as in her later years she always held her audiences spellbound to the very last syllable that she uttered. I think we shall all agree that few are the speakers who had in so large measure as she that magnetic, that unanalyzable, that inexplicable power, divinely given now and then to some fortunate man or woman, of captivating and charming and holding complete possession of assemblies from the first to the last utterance.

May I be permitted to refer to one of her triumphs as a speaker over a small audience, a triumph not only for herself, but also for her sex. Years ago the Michigan Alumni in New York decided for the first time to invite a few ladies, also Michigan graduates, to their annual banquet. One of these ladies was Alice Freeman, then President of Wellesley College. The decision to invite these ladies had been very

reluctantly acceded to by some of the older men, who had been graduated before women were admitted to the University, and who looked with old-fashioned disapproval, not to say contempt, on the very idea of giving college education to women. They contrived to seat themselves at a safe distance from the ladies. After several speeches had been made by men, Miss Freeman was introduced. Some of these elderly gentlemen, without showing any courtesy, tried to appear indifferent for a few moments. But soon, as the speaker proceeded in her modest and tactful manner, their indifference melted away. Their eyes were turned toward her with an air of mingled surprise and interest. In a few moments they became thoroughly absorbed in her utterances. They and all the guests were listening to her graceful words with the most undivided attention. When she closed, the hall rang with applause, and one of the most conservative

of these men exclaimed with enthusiasm, “Well, well, if that is what the college education of women means, I have nothing more to say.”

When Mr. Durant founded Wellesley College, so few women had received college education that he experienced some difficulty in finding enough suitable candidates for the professorial chairs. On my recommendation he appointed three or four Michigan graduates, who proved so satisfactory that he wrote to me to inform him at any time when we graduated such a woman as I thought he ought to appoint. Not long after Miss Freeman's graduation I wrote him that he ought to secure her. For some reason he did not then act on the suggestion. It so happened that I had occasion, I think in the year 1879, to visit the high school in East Saginaw, of which she was then principal. I attended a class in English Literature which she was teaching. The class was largely

composed of boys of from fifteen to eighteen years of age, in whom one would perhaps hardly expect much enthusiasm for the great masters of English Literature. But it was soon apparent that she had those boys, as she always had her classes, completely under her control and largely filled with her own enthusiasm. They showed that at their homes they had been carefully and lovingly reading some of the great masterpieces, and were ready to discuss them with intelligence and zest. I have never witnessed finer work of the kind with a class of that sort.

When I returned home, I wrote to Mr. Durant that he *must* appoint the woman whose remarkable work I had been witnessing, that he could not afford to let her slip out of his hand. Whether my letter led to his decision to call her to Wellesley, I do not know. But he did call her and she went. The rest is matter of history.

I am glad to say that she ever manifested

the most loving fealty to her Alma Mater. At our invitation she came repeatedly to deliver addresses to our students, and always to their edification and delight. Her last visit was at Commencement in 1901, when her class celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. No one of the class entered with greater zest into the spirit of the occasion. I never saw her more buoyant and joyful. She was a girl again, the life and inspiration of the class. They selected her to respond for them to my call at the Commencement dinner. How I wish I had a copy of her speech to read to you here! I never heard her speak more charmingly and pathetically. Wit, humor, reminiscence, affection for her classmates, gratitude to her Alma Mater,—all were there. Her voice was tremulous with emotion. Never have I seen her audience more completely swayed by her. Alas! that her sweet voice shall never more be heard in our halls!

You here in Massachusetts, where most of her public services were rendered, may well be grateful for what she has done for you. We share to the full your joy in her achievements. But her Alma Mater may be pardoned for feeling a maternal pride and a tenderness of affection for her which only the mother can feel for the loving and beloved daughter.

## HYMN

SUNG BY THE CHOIR OF WELLESLEY COLLEGE

*“He shall give his angels charge  
Over thee in all thy ways.”  
Though the thunders roam at large,  
Though the lightning round me plays,  
Like a child I lay my head  
In sweet sleep upon my bed.*

*Though the terror come so close,  
It shall have no power to smite ;  
It shall deepen my repose,  
Turn the darkness into light.  
Touch of angels’ hands is sweet ;  
Not a stone shall hurt my feet.*

*All Thy waves and billows go  
Over me to press me down  
Into arms so strong I know  
They will never let me drown.  
Ah ! my God, how good Thy will !  
I will nestle and be still.*

ALICE FREEMAN PALMER



ADDRESS

BY CAROLINE HAZARD

PRESIDENT OF WELLESLEY COLLEGE



As I RISE in this Chapel of Harvard University, the fact comes over me with overwhelming force that if it had not been for the dear friend we are gathered to honor to-day, in all human probability I should not be here to add my word of grateful recognition and reverent praise; for it was she who first spoke to me of the possibility of coming to Wellesley, finding an opportunity in what to any one else would have been the hopeless confusion of a crowded reception. Never shall I forget her contagious enthusiasm, to which my own responded; and though weeks elapsed before a final decision was reached, my heart had capitulated long before my mind was convinced.

If one were to sum up in one word the life of the noble woman we think of to-day, would it not be described as a life of service? The eager soul, poised and anchored securely, so that it could swing in

wide circles, was ever responsive to a call for help, it heard the Macedonian cry, and its country was the world. How apt we are to become a little hardened, a little impatient at the constant appeals for sympathy, for advice, and yet I dare to say that no human being ever appealed to Alice Freeman Palmer without receiving good measure, pressed down and running over, of cheer, of comfort, of sound worldly wisdom. That was her distinction. She was an idealist to whom everything pure and high appealed, she was full of enthusiasm, and she was a practical woman of affairs, a woman who managed her household well, and who was fitted to advise and to act in every emergency of life. She exemplified her own doctrine that a wide education opens new doors of usefulness to a woman, and does not close any of the time-honored avenues.

We have heard how she came to Wellesley. A new experiment it was, an experi-





ment founded in a high enthusiasm, and on the very first day of the college year the great hall was filled. Mount Holyoke, not yet a college, and Vassar were the only forerunners. Smith was breaking ground and making its own experiments. It was pioneer work. "Do you see that little black-eyed girl?" Mr. Durant said one day to Governor Claflin. "She is the future President of Wellesley College." Soon his strong controlling personality was removed, and Miss Freeman, at the age of twenty-six, assumed the duties of president,—a girl, surrounded by her girls. So Abbott Thayer has delighted to paint her, in a clinging white gown, the serious brown eyes looking wistfully at the beholder. For a little more than six years she held the office and showed what a woman president can be. There were earnest and able women on the faculty to assist her. A scholar was at the head of the department of Greek, and a young instructor in it had

as a sophomore received her when she came to Michigan University. The Professor of Mathematics was an Oberlin woman with a fine, clear mind, and great gifts as a teacher, so that the impress of her work still holds the traditions of Wellesley Mathematics. Latin and Philosophy were also well represented. But the College lacked a leader, lacked the organizing force which should make it a whole. Twenty years ago there were fewer devices for labor-saving. Stenographers were not yet in the field, secretaries still wrote long-hand. And so with scanty help, working day and night, living in the building with her girls, having them constantly in close association with her, giving unsparingly of herself, she lived her life. She found time to know notable people, to interest them to come to the College. Lectures from distinguished persons abounded. She spread a rich feast for her students and partook of it herself. It was an ideal life in many respects, a life

fed and sustained by the affection and devotion of those about her, a life of limitless giving, a life that grew larger and stronger, "in diffusion ever more intense."

It is not strange that the glamour of her personality pervaded the place, that she seemed the fit and consummate flower of the young life which surrounded her. And always with this enthusiasm, with this radiance was the practical side. Few people could manage finances better, and very few had keener perception in recognizing quality in men or women. She seemed to have an instinct for people, and her courage in those early days was boundless. I remember once she asked a young author of a first book to join the English Literature Department, simply because she thought the style of the book good, and in spite of the fact that the maiden author had never taught at all. It was harder to get qualified teachers then, but now there would be few college positions offered to total inexperi-

ence. She gathered clever women about her, recognizing ability instantly, and building up a faculty which brought the College honor.

When she came in 1879, there were three hundred and seventy-five students, and she left the College with six hundred and twenty-eight eight years later. With her administration the policy of building small halls of residence was begun, and for the last year and a half she herself lived in Norumbega, the first of what are called the hill cottages.

The work which she did in these foundation days can hardly be overestimated. There were no precedents, no traditions, she had a clear field to work in, and she threw all her influence for the best things in scholarship and the best things in life. It was her especial characteristic to seize a point of view quickly, to grasp the meaning of a situation instantly, and from what to others might have been difficulty or defeat, to

achieve victory. Her personal influence over her students was boundless. She knew them all as individuals. By both word and example she moulded character. I like to think that it was from some of the perplexities of her busy and exacting college days that the hymn we have just sung came welling up:

All Thy waves and billows go  
Over me to press me down  
Into arms so strong I know  
They will never let me drown..

This deeper side of her nature, rarely revealed, gave fullness and sweetness to that charming play of fancy, that wholesome, kindly humor which endeared her to all who came in contact with her. For she was founded upon a rock, and her courage, her bravery, her loyalty, bore witness to that foundation.

It seems to me a proof of the growth of her life that she left all this at Wellesley,

which had been so largely the work of her hands and of her heart, and found a larger usefulness in her marriage. She laid down one specific work to take up a dozen others, and the sunshine of her home touched many a life with glory. In no other way could her influence have been so widened, could the sanity and beauty of her life have had its fulfillment. And when she left Wellesley she carried it in her heart: “Wellesley, that blessed place,” she called it.

College generations are short: the world moves swiftly; and at Wellesley for the last few years she had been a gracious presence, coming a few times a winter with cheer and helpful words. In the counsels of the College few persons could carry more weight, for she had the experience of professor, president, and trustee. Here again her enthusiasm and her practicality went hand in hand. A great plan fired her imagination, and with her glowing words the contagion of her ideal spread.

And then came the practical suggestion for carrying it out—far-seeing, calm, willing to wait, setting other people to work, inspiring all. It was never her own plan because it was her own plan. She fought no personal battles, but always strove for what she saw as the larger good, the better way.

Such a life has in its very self the seeds of immortality. Preëminent among the women of her time, she loved her kind with a broad human fellowship which took in all ages, all conditions. Hers was the essentially feminine nature, bounteous, life-giving.

“ If, as I have, you also do  
Virtue attired in woman see  
And dare love that, and say so too,  
And forget the He and She — ”

This she saw ; this we all saw in her, impersonal and yet illumined with personality. She forgot the he and she, as is testified by the universality of her friendships. She

lived the true woman's life with its distinctive and mighty power of devotion—devotion not only to her family, but to her race and to her country. She worked for women first, for she had a loyal love of her sex ; but always with the broader view, with the hope of widening limitations, of opening closed doors. And wherever she found a soul she could help, in man or woman, the human tie became strong. They, and she alike, were children of God, set to do His work in the world, to bring in a better day, to make the world a better place : this was her aim, and this she accomplished.

Alas, that we shall see her no more ! But it was fitting that no touch of age should descend upon her. Her buoyant youthful spirit in its freshness and its sweetness, her clear, far-seeing mind, with its womanly perceptions and its trained grasp, her soul so full of the love of human kind, suffered no blight nor chill of frost. In the radiance of full summer, with many

fruits already gathered and promise of golden autumn's store, she is gone from our sight to that "day which is at hand," she has "put on the whole armor of light."

We loved her for the loving thoughts which sped

Straight from her heart until they found their goal

In some perplexed or troubled human soul

And broke anew the ever living bread.

We loved the mind courageous which no dread

Of failure ever daunted, whose control

Of gentleness all opposition stole;

We loved herself and all the joy she shed.

Oh Leader of the Leaders ! Like a light

Thy life was set, to counsel, to befriend ;

Thy quick and eager insight seized the right

And shared the prize with bounteous hand,  
and free.

Fed from the fountains of infinity

Thy life was service, having love to spend.



## ANTHEM

BY MYLES FOSTER

SUNG BY THE CHOIR OF WELLESLEY COLLEGE

*The night is far spent, the day is at hand. Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light.*



# ADDRESS

BY WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER  
PRESIDENT OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE



WHEN Alice Freeman resigned the presidency of Wellesley to become the wife of Professor Palmer, no one who knew them both doubted for a moment those results in rare and generous service which subsequent years have disclosed. Her marriage was as beautiful a romance as ever found its way into the world of scholars. It never ceased to be that, because it lost itself so quickly and so naturally in a mutual devotion to the happiness of others.

The change, however, from a college to the home as a centre of personal activity offers a very severe test of character. There are many of us who can serve institutions who might utterly fail if our service were suddenly transferred, even by our own choice, to persons and causes. The service of an institution is a self-supporting service. Motives, reasons, methods, lie deep in the service itself. And they are continuous in their action. If one grows

weary or even discouraged in such service, one may rest for a moment and let the momentum carry him on till he recovers personal strength. It is the least wasteful of all kinds of service. Everything goes upon deposit. There is no expenditure of thought or of energy which may not return in some form of substantial and enduring power. It is also the least exacting service,—one may perhaps better say the least discriminating,—in respect to motives. It does not start those morbid questionings which so often vex our attempts at charity and sacrifice. The personal and the professional are allowed to be inseparable. The servant of an institution takes the fortune of the life he serves.

The service, therefore, for which Mrs. Palmer exchanged her work at Wellesley seems to me to have required a deeper and more sustained unselfishness. It was no longer, in the sense in which I have used the term, a self-supporting service. It re-





quired the opening of new sources of inspiration, of endurance, and of faith. It required also a more delicate adjustment of herself to her task. The spirit of leadership must always remain true to itself, but the form must often mightily change as it passes from control and direction to comradeship and coöperation.

I will name three characteristics of Mrs. Palmer in the more public relations of her later life which constantly impressed me. First, the utter and entire absence of the spirit of patronage. Various people sought Mrs. Palmer because of her superior wisdom and tact and force. She never allowed them to feel her superiority. Girls came to her as before, confused of purpose, often discouraged. She recognized with fine instinct the necessity in the case of each one that the choice which was to settle her doubts or difficulties must be her own choice, not some choice superimposed upon her. So she began at once to create

the conditions for an intelligent, abiding, and, if possible, enthusiastic choice. Whoever among such persons left her presence was quite sure to take away something different from that which she expected,—not comfort, advice, inspiration, but rather a new consciousness of self. Various causes were presented to her. Some of them were put before her for her patronage. They seldom received it. She reserved herself for those causes which needed her help, causes with which she could identify herself. The incoming of her personality into the movements of which she was to be a part did not disturb those already in leadership; there was simply the sense of accelerated motion or of a change of direction.

A second characteristic was intellectual appreciation. Mrs. Palmer's sympathies were quick and wide. So were her mental perceptions. It was the intellectual quality which could be relied upon to assert itself when that alone would suffice, expressing

itself in a sanity which no sentiment could disturb, and with a vision which no sympathies could divert or obscure. The valuation which Mrs. Palmer put upon the causes with which she became identified was usually greater than that which they had before received, but it was often reached by a very discriminating process. Her mind was sensitively intolerant of unreality of any sort. If any unreal thing had become for any reason sacred to others, as is quite apt to be the case, she respected the blind or unreasoning faith, but she wrought none the less straight toward reality. I do not know that she ever threw off any followers. Her intellectual appreciation was so clear, so accordant with reason and with faith, so informed with spiritual passion, that following elsewhere seemed to be missing the way.

A third characteristic of Mrs. Palmer's relation to the more public service of her later life was her contribution of faith, the

rarest gift to a person or a cause. Mrs. Palmer believed greatly, sometimes serenely, sometimes passionately, in those things which she deemed worthy of her faith. It was so true, so right a kind of believing, that it communicated itself. If it was directed toward persons, they began to believe in themselves ; if it was directed toward causes, those who had them most at heart saw a new hope. Mrs. Palmer's faith was supported by works. We always knew that. Perhaps the knowledge made up a part of our faith. But not primarily. Here was one who had the great qualities of vision, the sense of reality, courage to look ahead, and spiritual obedience. I have said elsewhere in substance that the death of Mrs. Palmer has impoverished that common fund upon which we are wont to draw in all our moral and spiritual activities, without stopping to ask whose contributions are greatest. Now we know who was one of the great givers. We do

not easily see from what source the fund is to be replenished to meet our daily drafts. As we try to embody in some memorial a few permanent and tangible results of Mrs. Palmer's life, we feel how slight are the values we propose, if they shall be realized, when measured by the value of her personal power as we were wont to draw upon it.

You do not, of course, wish, out of pride in those causes with which Mrs. Palmer was identified, that I should enumerate or name them in this presence, when we are here to think of her. The range of Mrs. Palmer's later service was wide, but it was held within the limits of her sense of her own appropriate and effective power. Her sphere of action was chiefly educational, to a degree religious, and to a degree charitable, but always open to the approach of individuals. Nothing human was foreign to her. She made quick and lasting contact with personal life. It is fit that we seek to

continue her influence through the establishment of those ministries which are set toward power, especially of those which are set for the development of personal power.

It is not within my province to speak of those qualities of Mrs. Palmer which contributed so largely to the sanctity or the charm of the home. But I may be pardoned this closing word, as I have been asked to speak of Mrs. Palmer in her public relations. There was no difference in Mrs. Palmer in her private and public relations. She was always and everywhere the same person, doing things appropriately according to time and place, but simply herself in doing them. Had she been otherwise, it might have seemed necessary for me to say more about her works. In place of that, we are permitted this hour of grateful, loving, joyous appreciation of herself, a prophecy I think of the continuous power which will live in the name, Alice Freeman Palmer.

# ADDRESS

BY CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT  
PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY



MRS. PALMER's personal qualities have already been vividly described, and this assembly has recognized and approved the descriptions. Her spiritual qualities impressed themselves on the most casual observer. Her quick, responsive sympathy shone from her eyes. Her alertness and ardor animated her bodily gestures and movements; her generosity and unselfish devotion to the interests of others were manifested in the least actions of her daily life, as well as in her professional work in the cause of education. One flower, one tree, one baby, one bird singing, or one little village would move her to love and praise as surely as a garden, a forest, a university, an orchestra, or a great city. She was emphatically a person who gave out information, sympathy, advice, and motive power. She asked all these things from Nature and from men and women; but even while asking she responded in full measure.

She was often eager to get another's opinion ; but getting it, she gave her own, and in a moment there was sympathetic reaction between two souls. In the presence of a person who she thought could teach her something she was an intent listener and quick commentator; but whatever of wisdom or virtue she had won from another she was instantly ready to impart.

Her temperament was in the highest degree responsive to the moods of Nature, to natural and spiritual beauty, to any sudden revelation of a human soul, and to the subtlest expressions of human joy or woe. There is no more winning or commanding quality in man or woman than this radiant responsiveness, nor any which secures to the person who possesses it a surer growth or an ampler happiness.

The sources of Mrs. Palmer's great and lasting influence on American society lay deep in these rare spiritual gifts of hers, which were indeed a native endowment, but





were also trained and developed by a daily practice which became ever larger and finer as her life went on.

As we look back on the chief events of her too short career, the first thing that strikes us is its originality at every stage ; she was in the best sense a pioneer all through her life. When she went to the University of Michigan as a student, she was one of a small band of young women venturing with motives of intellectual ambition into a state university which had been opened to women. At twenty-two years of age she was already principal of a high school in Michigan. At twenty-four she took a professorship of history in a new college for women where all the officers and teachers were women — a pioneer work indeed. At twenty-six she became president of that novel college at a time when its worth had not yet been demonstrated. Indeed its policy was then held by many to be of doubtful soundness, and its

financial future extremely difficult. What courage and self-devotion these successive acts required ! Her work at Wellesley was creation, not imitation ; and it was work done in the face of doubts, criticisms, and prophecies of evil. After six years of masterly work at Wellesley College, in which she exhibited the keenest intelligence, large executive ability, and a remarkable capacity for engaging sympathy and winning affection and respect,—a capacity which assured her success in the profession of education,—she laid down these functions, married at the age of thirty-two, and apparently entered on a wholly new career. Alice Freeman thus gave the most striking testimony she could give of her faith in the fundamental social principle, that love between man and woman and the family life which results therefrom afford for each sex the conditions of its greatest usefulness and honor, and of its supreme happiness. The opponents of the higher education of women

had always argued that such education would tend to prevent marriage, and to dispossess the family as the corner-stone of society. Alice Freeman gave the whole force of her conspicuous example to disprove that objection. She illustrated in her own case the supremacy of love and of family life in the heart of both man and woman. Children were denied her; but her love of children was intense, and her disappointment that she had none of her own merely made her all the more eager to love and serve the children of others.

Mrs. Palmer had been but two years in Cambridge when she was appointed a member of the Massachusetts Board of Education, an office she held for the rest of her life. Her services in this Board were highly productive. She was always influential with the Board itself, with the Legislature, and with the successive Governors of the Commonwealth. In particular, she contributed largely to the recent elevation

of the Normal Schools, a measure not less important than their creation during the administration of Horace Mann as Secretary of the Board.

She labored constantly to build up all sorts of institutions which might promote or improve the education of girls and women at any stage. She worked for women's clubs, for the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, and for teachers' institutes and societies, endeavoring always to interest such institutions in productive work for the benefit of women. She knew that by building up these institutions she could secure permanent protection, incitement, and guidance for judicious efforts to improve the education of the sex and its conditions of employment. She longed to see grow strong and firm the institutional life which outlasts the individual life. She welcomed and would work for any institution that brought strength to the educational cause so dear to her. She would do anything in

her power for a coeducational institution like the University of Michigan or the Chicago University; for a separate college for women like Wellesley; for a woman's college affiliated with a university like Radcliffe or Barnard; or for a technical school for women like the new, Simmons College in Boston. She would throw herself with the greatest ardor into the cause of an old academy threatened with extinction,—like Bradford Academy at Haverhill,—and in a few years would lift it into a life more vigorous than it had ever known before. In such enterprises she would take great responsibility,—such, for instance, as the responsibility of recommending a principal or a dean. If the case were difficult, and her advice about it had been accepted, she would shrink from no labor in the endeavor to win a good result. During the fifteen years of her residence in Cambridge her public work was always growing on her hands, and she labored to

the full limit of her strength, and often beyond that limit. She held many offices, spoke often in public, received much applause, and innumerable expressions of love and gratitude; but through all this experience she remained perfectly simple, natural, and spontaneous. From the time that she began to teach, her labors were in the highest degree fruitful,—fruitful in building up educational institutions, and in establishing or developing social institutions which will have continuing influence for good, and still more fruitful in building up the judgment and character of thousands of girls and young women. Who raises woman raises mankind.

To my mind this career is unmatched by that of any other American woman. The only American woman's career that comes to my mind as at all comparable with that of Mrs. Palmer is the long career of Dorothea Dix, but Miss Dix's work was devoted to the palliation, or the remedying in some

measure, of hideous evils in American society, such, for example, as the condition of prisons; while Mrs. Palmer's career was devoted to positive, constructive labors in promoting the well-being of the people, and cultivating their best mental and spiritual faculties. Her work lay in a higher field. We cannot but believe that in the long run the surest way to cure evils is to supplant evil by good.

Believing Mrs. Palmer's life and labors to be the best example thus far set before American womanhood, I think her career should be commemorated nobly at the institutions of education which her presence exalted and enriched in her youth and in her maturity.



# ANTHEM

BY HERBERT HALL WOODWARD

SUNG BY THE CHOIR OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

## *Crossing the Bar*

*Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me !  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,*

*But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.*

*Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark !  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark ;*

*For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.*

ALFRED TENNYSON



# PRAYER

BY

REVEREND FRANCIS GREENWOOD PEABODY



GRANT to us all Thy blessing, our Heavenly Father, as we go on our way back into the waiting world ; and strengthen us by the abiding memory of a strong and gentle soul. We thank Thee for this gift to us of the wisdom of simplicity, the truth that makes free, the insight of the pure in heart. We thank Thee for the lessons we are taught of duty and service, of love and peace. Sanctify this sorrow to the hearts that mourn, that they may be comforted. May the great word of the Master be spoken again: “Let not your heart be troubled. I go to prepare a place for you;” and as the vision of the larger life grows clear, make heaven seem like home, as home has seemed like heaven. And to us all, as we part in loving friendship, speak Thy message of quietness and strength. Send us to our duties with a calmer mind. Deliver us from the fear alike of life and of death. Teach us to live as those pre-

pared to die, and then to die as those prepared to live; that so, among the changes and chances of this life, neither things present nor things to come, nor life, nor death, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from Thy love, which is in Jesus Christ, our Lord.

In His name we ask it. Amen.

## HYMN

SUNG BY THE WHOLE COMPANY

*O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home,*

*Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.*

*A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone,  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.*

*O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.*

ISAAC WATTS



# BENEDICTION

BY

REVEREND FRANCIS GREENWOOD PEABODY



THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ —  
that grace which is made perfect through  
suffering ; and the love of God — that love  
which casts out fear ; and the communion  
of the Holy Ghost — that communion  
which makes one family in earth and hea-  
ven ; be with us all. Amen.



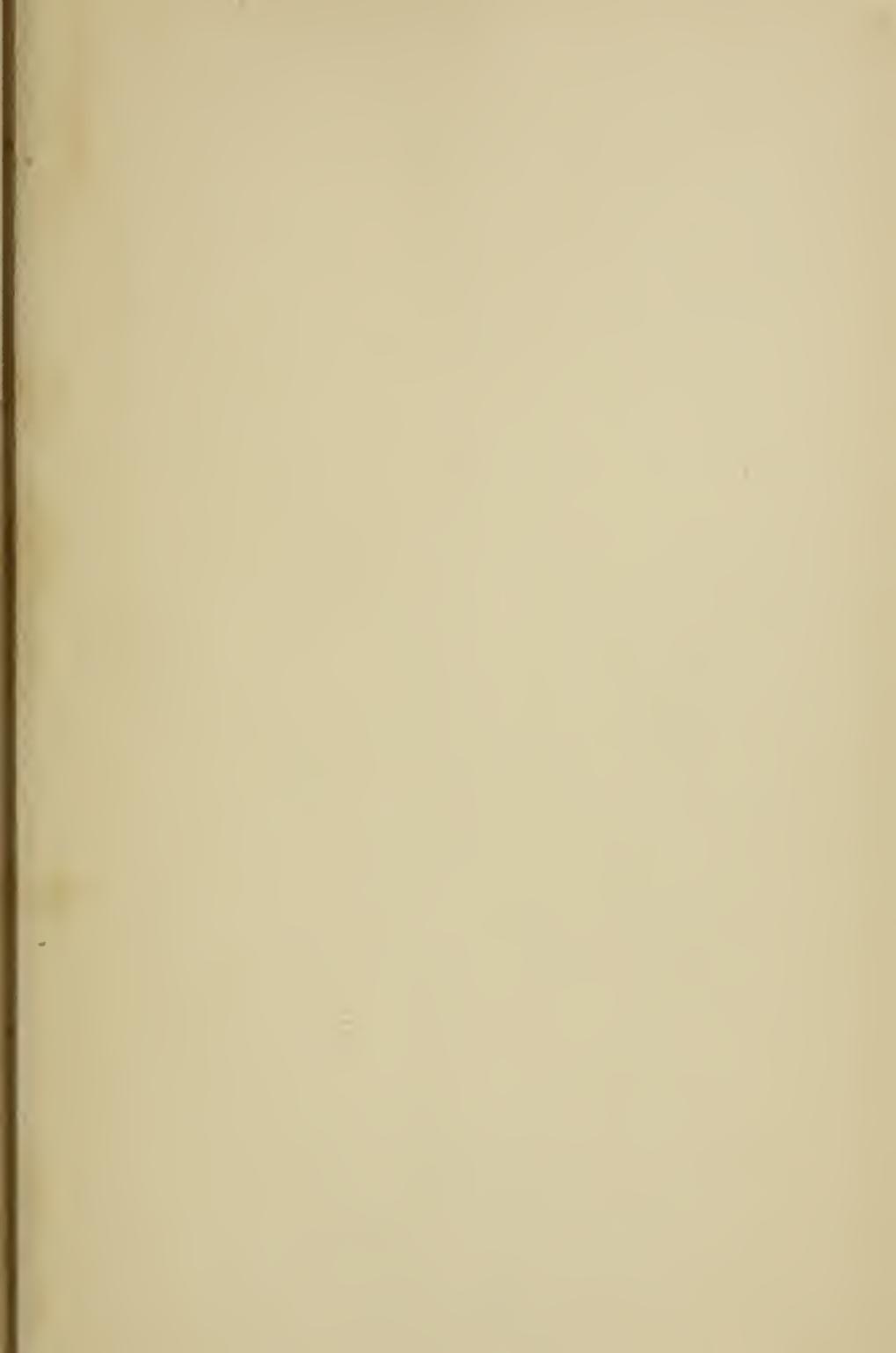
HARK HITHER, READER, WOULD'ST THOU SEE  
NATURE HER OWN PHYSICIAN BE ;  
WOULD'ST SEE A SOUL ALL HER OWN WEALTH,  
HER OWN MUSIC, HER OWN HEALTH ;  
A SOUL WHOSE SOBER THOUGHT CAN TELL  
HOW TO WEAR HER GARMENTS WELL,  
HER GARMENTS THAT UPON HER SIT  
(AS GARMENTS SHOULD DO) CLOSE AND FIT ;  
A WELL-CLOTH'D SOUL, THAT 'S NOT OPPREST  
NOR CHOKT WITH WHAT SHE SHOULD BE DREST,  
BUT SHEATHED IN A CRYSTAL SHRINE,  
THROUGH WHICH ALL HER BRIGHT FEATURES SHINE ;  
A SOUL WHOSE INTELLECTUAL BEAMS  
NO MISTS DO MASK, NO LAZY STEAMS ;  
A HAPPY SOUL, THAT ALL THE WAY  
TO HEAVEN HATH A SUMMER'S DAY ;  
WHOSE LATEST AND MOST LEADEN HOURS  
FALL WITH SOFT WINGS, STUCK WITH SOFT FLOWERS ;  
AND WHEN LIFE'S SWEET FABLE ENDS  
THIS SOUL AND BODY PART LIKE FRIENDS ;  
NO QUARRELS, MURMURS, NO DELAY ;  
A KISS, A SIGH, AND SO AWAY.

RICHARD CRASHAW

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